Warning:

May contain graphic material.
For mature audiences only - viewer discretion advised.

No!
No!
Elizabeth!
Please, please!

Please!

Please!

Please!
Please!

HOMESICK

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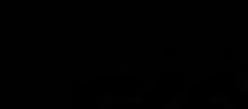
She comes in drenched in blood.

Blood spurts out of the opening in between her ribs.

A man in orange shouts something.

Like a horde of flies, the doctors gather to quickly cover her wounds.



I mindlessly follow her with hands drenched in blood.

I can see people in the hall looking at me.

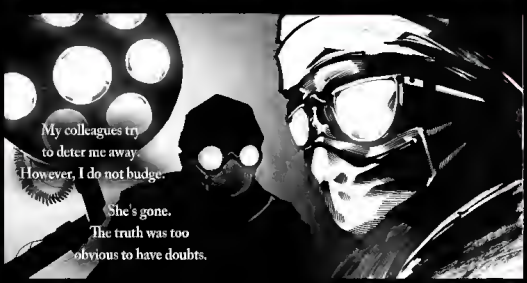
Fearful people are hiding among themselves as though they might contract a sickness.

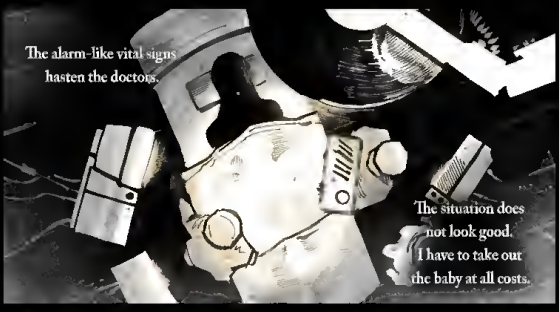
And my poor love is
taken to place I can't follow.
People go back to watching TV.

SURGERY

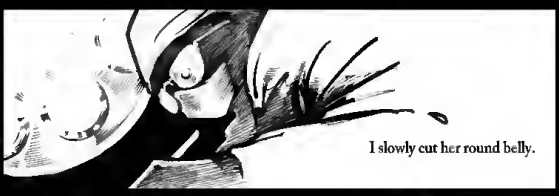
The nurses are ordered
to inject drugs into her.
I can see the hole
in Elizabeth's chest.

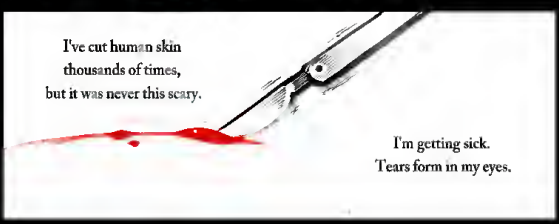
I can't help but
cry looking at her.




The alarm-like vital signs hasten the doctors.
The situation does not look good. I have to take out the baby at all costs.

Scalpel!


I slowly cut her round belly.


I've cut human skin thousands of times, but it was never this scary.
I'm getting sick. Tears form in my eyes.

I never thought I would have to cut the stomach of the person I love the mos
The tears keep flowing.
They flow down my face.

I cried.

I saw my daughter's face.

The small beam of light
in my hell-like reality.

The most precious inheritance
that Elizabeth left behind.

Kimberly.

Kim.

Our precious daughter.
My precious daughter.

To be continued...

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